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LITTLE POEMS FROM THE
GREEK

LITTLE POEMS FROM THE GREEK

BY
WALTER LEAF

NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION

THE following translations are but a selection from a large number, mostly made during the war as a relief from more pressing occupations and anxieties. The handy little volume containing the Greek text of Mr Mackail's *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology* was at that time my constant companion ; and a large proportion of the work of love was done in the "daily bread" trains which conveyed me between my country home and my office in the City. After the war, when I had completed versions of Mr Mackail's five hundred epigrams, there appeared in the Loeb Library the late Mr Paton's monumental edition of the entire Anthology, with notes and a prose translation, and this started me afresh. But the additions hence made are not many in proportion ; Mr Mackail's selection is so admirably done as to leave but few gleanings of equal value to those he has chosen. This will be apparent from the Notes, where, while giving the original sources in all cases, I have added also a reference, where possible, to Mr Mackail's volume. To his notes I must refer those who desire to learn something more about textual and critical questions ; with these I have not troubled myself, generally following Mackail without further question. Careful readers may note some small divergences, as, for instance, in Meleager's beautiful threnody over Heliodora, where in line 4 I emphatically disagree with the emendation of the first $\mu\upsilon\tilde{\alpha}\mu\alpha$ to $\nu\tilde{\alpha}\mu\alpha$.

The first problem which faces a selector from the Anthology is that of arrangement. Should the epigrams be grouped under authors or subjects? The latter course is chosen by the editors of the original Anthology, and is followed, on lines of his own, by Mackail. It is recommended especially by the presence in the Anthology of a large number of anonymous poems which are wholly undatable, so that a complete arrangement in historical sequence however desirable in itself, is impossible; and the anonymous poems are of such high interest and importance that they claim a prominent place. But a grouping under subjects precludes the wider literary view, and makes it difficult to grasp the personal value of the work of each poet; after all, the named poets are more numerous and more interesting than the anonymous; and it is desirable, if only as an alternative, that the work should, as far as possible, be presented as a whole. Moreover, any grouping under subjects must be to a large extent arbitrary. The Anthology itself has a most important section, the "epideictic" poems. How are these to be represented? There is no exact equivalent in English for the adjective; it seems to me that we must, if we wish to translate it, come perilously near to "Sundries." Mr Mackail abolishes the section; but he again has to be arbitrary. He gives, for instance, four poems on a stock theme, "sailing time in spring," all closely following a rigid scheme, and ending alike with a call to the sailor to pay his vow to Priapus before setting out. Of these two are classed under Religion (M. v. 1, 2); two under Nature (vi. 26, 27).

In my own case the problem is simplified by the fact that I am publishing only a selection of a selection; and there is good occasion, therefore, for

grouping these few poems under the authors' names, and arranging them as far as possible in historical sequence. The reader will be able to form some idea, at least so far as I may have been successful, of the range and sentiment of each of the authors whom I have here chosen. I have followed Mackail's distribution into periods ; and the compass of the volume allows of the inclusion only of about half the period covered by the Anthology—that is, roughly, from 600 B.C. to A.D. 550, not far short of twelve centuries. This little volume covers the first six, and does not touch the anonymous poems which may fall into them. The six later centuries and the anonyma offer material not inferior in grace and interest to what is here given ; if readers care to have it, they can easily call for the production of a sequel. Some versions of the later poems have indeed been already printed for private circulation ; none of those are included here.

The aim which I have set before myself is, of course, to present the spirit of the original in a readable English dress. The originals are poems, and I have tried to reproduce them as poems. But one is met at the first step by an obvious difficulty. The originals are all in one metre, the elegiac couplet. Should they be reproduced in one metre ? For many reasons, I think not. English has never produced a metre which holds in literature such a dominant position as the elegiac couplet in Greek. The nearest approach is the "heroic couplet" of Pope and the eighteenth century, with its variation, the metre of Gray's *Elegy*. But to the invariable use of this there are many objections, not the least being that the eighteenth-century atmosphere is not one that one wishes to introduce into the Greek Anthology ; and one has to be carefully on guard against the mock-heroic.

There is another mechanical obstacle. English, as measured by syllables, the only applicable test, is more concise than Greek, but not generally to the extent of reducing the average 28 syllables of the Greek couplet—which may be as many as 31—to the invariable 20 of the English. It is often possible to do it without undue compression or omission, but by no means always. As a test, I have counted the syllables in some of Mr Mackail's exact prose translations; and I find that, though generally a little shorter than the Greek, his renderings are not shorter in the proportion of 28 to 20. For instance, in the first three poems of his fourth section ("Literature and Art"), p. 174, the Greek has 56, 57 and 87 respectively, the English has 44, 56 and 81. In No. VIII. ("Anacreon's Grave," i.), on p. 177, the Greek is actually shorter than the English, which takes 32 syllables against 31 of the original. But I think that he never comes down to 20 syllables for a couplet. If therefore we are to use the heroic couplet we have to choose between compression and omission on the one hand, and overrunning on the other; and in poems of short compass overrunning is mostly out of the question. Moreover, the Greeks include among epigrams poems which we unquestionably regard as lyrical, and for which we need lyrical metres. The metre of Gray's *Elegy* is suitable for epitaphs, and for them I have used it where I could; but it does not lend itself so easily to a love poem, still less to a purely humorous epigram, of which the Anthology has a large number. Gray himself chose another metre in which to weep the pensive Selima.

On the other hand there are to be found those who would wish to see the translations in the metre of the original, in English hexameters and pentameters. I

have tried my hand on these, and I find that, without entering on the dubious question of the adaptability of English to Greek measures at all, there is a serious obstacle in the fact that the greater conciseness of English makes it hard to fill up the couplet without padding; and padding at least I have aimed at avoiding.

It has therefore seemed best to assume complete freedom in regard to metre, and simply to choose that which, to my taste, best suited the matter in hand; indeed, having regard to the variety of the matter, I have aimed at variety in metre for its own sake. After many experiments, I have come to the conclusion that with two lines of 14 syllables each one always has ample room. The line of 14 syllables is commonly written in English with a fixed caesura after the eighth, and printed as two lines, of 8 and 6 respectively; but it can be obtained in various other ways, and these I have freely used. But I have equally used less roomy measures when I found that I could by so doing escape padding. Rhyme I have held to be essential; whatever the future of *vers libre* may be, it has not the past which we need in rendering the antique.

There is no need for me to dwell further on principles, the public must judge them by their results.

WALTER LEAF.

22nd October 1921.



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PERIOD I

FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE END
OF THE PERSIAN WARS

ERINNA

I

An Epitaph

Baucis here a bride doth lie ;
Weep her, thou that passest by,
And say to Death who dwells beneath,
"A jealous god thou art, O Death."
So shall all that see her tomb
Tell of Baucis' woful doom ;
How her weeping bridegroom's sire
Kindled but her funeral pyre
With the torch that should have led
Baucis to her bridal bed.
Hymen, so thy nuptial strain
Was turned to doleful dirge again.

II

On a Portrait

From cunning fingers comes this limning ; see,
O great Prometheus, men can vie with thee.
Had but the craftsman given her utterance clear,
Our very Agatharchis had been here.

SIMONIDES

I

On those who fell at Plataea

If Valour's noblest part is to die well,
Blest beyond human measure is our lot ;
Winning for Hellas Freedom's crown we fell,
And here we own a fame that ages not.

II

The Same

Winning their dear land an undying name,
These took for raiment murky clouds of death.
Not dead are they who died ; their glorious fame
Lifts them to heaven from the grave beneath.

III

On the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae

Go, stranger, tell the Spartans that we rest
Hereunder, still obeying their behest.

IV

The Lion over the Tomb of Leonidas

Of beasts am I, of men was he most brave
Whose bones I guard, bestriding this his grave.

V

Over the Men of Tegea

For these men's valour, never smoke arose
Nor flame from Tegea burning to the sky ;
Freedom unblemished to their sons they chose
To leave, and in the fighting line to die.

VI

*Probably for those who fell in the War with Sparta,
which ended in the Defeat of Tegea*

Forget not we the valiant lying here,
Who gave their lives for Tegea's grassy down,
Guarding their fatherland, lest Hellas dare
To rend from brows departed Freedom's crown.

VII

*On the Athenians who fell in the War with
Chalcis in Euboea, 504 B.C.*

Hard by we fell, on Dirphys' mountain slope ;
Here by the tide our country raised our tomb.
'Tis just ; we put aside youth's gladsome hope,
And chose war's lowering doom.

VIII

On the daughter of Hippias son of Pisistratus

The child of Hippias, foremost captain once
In Hellas' land, lies here, Archedike.
With lords for father, husband, brethren, sons,
She lifted not her heart to vanity.

IX

For a Cenotaph

A strange land holds thy bones ; the Euxine Sea
Has brought thee, roving Cleisthenes, thy doom.
No honey-sweet returning was for thee,
Nor sight of thy sea-girdled Chian home.

X

On a Dog

Even thy white bones in the tomb, I trow,
 The wild beasts fear, Lycas my trusty hound.
 Thy worth famed Pelion and great Ossa know,
 And all Cithaeron's lofty pasture-ground.

XI

*Simonides being at a feast in Thessaly, the attendants
 omitted to serve him with the snow used to cool
 the drink. In order to call his host's attention, he
 propounded the following riddle to the company*

On the back of Olympus for mantle 'twas cast
 By Thracian Boreas' blustering blast.
 The cloakless it chilled to the marrow : behold,
 It was buried alive in Pierian mould.
 Let them give me my measure ; a host will not think
 To serve a good friend tepid liquor to drink.

AESCHYLUS

I

On the Dead in an Unknown Battle

These men to ruthless doom were sped,
 Guarding the country of their birth ;
 Yet lives the glory of the dead
 Now wrapt in Ossa's earth.

II

His Epitaph on Himself

I, Aeschylus of Athens, buried lie,
Euphorion's son, in Gela's fruitful land :
My worth the long-haired Mede can testify,
And the renowned Marathonian strand.

BACCHYLIDES

On a Shrine in a Cornfield

Eudemus raised within his field this fane,
Of all the winds, to Zephyr's bounteous air,
Who came to help in answer to his prayer,
And nimbly winnowed from fat ears the grain.

PERIOD II

THE ATHENIAN ASCENDANCY

PLATO

I

On Aristophanes

A fane to stand while time shall roll
Down through the centuries
The Graces sought—and found the soul
Of Aristophanes.

II

On the Eretrian Captives settled in Persia by Darius after the War of 490 B.C.

Torn far from roar of the Aegean swell
In the mid Ecbatanian plain lie we ;
Farewell, old home Eretria ; farewell
Athens her neighbour ; and farewell, dear sea.

III

The Same

Euboeans are we of Eretrian birth,
Laid here in Susa's clay ;
Alas, alas ! from that our native earth
How far away !

IV

To Stella

My Stella star-gazing ! Would I could be
The heaven, with many eyes to gaze at thee.

V

The Same

Stella, once on the quick as Morning Star
 Thy light was shed ;
 A Star of Even now, thou shinest afar
 Upon the dead.

VI

Kissing my love, upon my lip
 My soul I scarce could stay ;
 My luckless soul, that sought to slip
 From me away.

ASCRIBED TO PLATO BUT OF
 LATER DATE

I

On a Rustic Seat

Sit thou beneath this tall and vocal pine,
 With foliage ruffled to the wafting breeze.
 Beside my chattering stream Pan's flute divine
 Shall lull thy charmed eyes to slumberous ease.

II

Silence, Dryads' leafy keep ;
 Rocky fountains, hush your spraying ;
 Hush your babble, bleating sheep,
 Pan is playing, Pan is playing.

O'er the clustered reed-pipe see
How his mellow lips are glancing ;
Nymphs of fountain, nymphs of tree
Foot it round him, dancing, dancing.

III

I who laughed of old in triumph
Over Hellas' youthful pride,
I whose door was thronged with lovers
Swarming ever to my side,
Now I, Laïs, vow my mirror,
Queen of Paphos, unto thee ;
What I was of old I cannot,
What I am I will not see.

IV

On a Silver Statuette

This Satyr Diodorus did not make,
But lulled to sleep ;
Touch not the silver, or it will awake
From slumber deep.

V

On an Engraved Gem

This little jasper shows you oxen five,
Grazing, so true they seem to be alive ;
They might have wandered ; so the ring of gold
Makes for the little herd a little fold.

VI

A thief who stole a miser's hoard
Left in its place a noose.

The miser came and found the cord,
And put it straight to use.

PARRHASIUS THE PAINTER

To his Critics

Though men believe it not, this thing I know—
Art's utmost bourne has been achieved by me ;
Beyond the bound I set no man can go ;
Yet is no mortal work from cavil free.

THUCYDIDES (?)

Epitaph on Euripides

All Greece is headstone to Euripides ;
His bones let Macedon, his death-place, claim ;
Athens his home, the very Greece of Greece ;
The world his Muse delighted owns his fame.

DEMODOCUS

Cilicians all are sorry folk, of very ill condition,
Save Cinyras ; and Cinyras is after all Cilician.

PERIOD III

THE SUPREMACY OF ALEXANDRIA

I

POETS OF GREECE PROPER AND MACEDONIA

ADDAEUS

I

With weight of years and yoke forspent,
To no grim slaughter-house was sent
The ox from Alcon's plough.
His grateful master gives him ease
At liberty in grassy leas
To graze, and rest, and low.

II

There's a shrine at Potidaea at the parting of the
ways
To a hero, Philopregmon is his name.
As you pass, declare the purpose of your journey ; he
repays,
And will aid the quick achievement of your aim.

ANYTE

I

On a Statue of Venus by the Sea

This is Venus' holy keep ;
Here it is her joy to stand,
Over all the lucent deep
Ever gazing from the land.

Here she bids the sailor cheer,
Guides him to his journey's end ;
All the tremulous waves in fear
To her radiant image bend.

II

On a Statue of Hermes

Here in the orchard's breezy nook
I Hermes stand,
And from the cross-roads overlook
The plashing strand.
Here to the wayfarer forspent
Repose I bring ;
Cold gushing from the earth is sent
A limpid spring.

III

On a Fountain

To farmstead nymphs and shaggy Pan
Theodotus the husbandman
This gift beneath the crag has wrought,
Grateful because in summer drought
They stayed his limbs with labour spent,
And cool refreshing water sent.

HEGESIPPUS

On a Shield dedicated in the Temple of Heracles

Receive me, Heracles, the shield
That once Philippus used to wield ;
That here, mid dance and hymn,

Reclined within thy marble close,
I may grow old in safe repose,
Quit of war's charnel grim.

PERSES

On a Statue of the God Tychon

But a little god am I,
Yet with ears to hear you cry,
So you ask me nothing great,
Only as befits your state.
What a lowly godhead can
Promise to a lowly man,
Such a boon for mine I claim ;
Ask me ; Tychon is my name.

PERIOD III

II

FOUNDERS OF THE ALEXANDRIAN SCHOOL

SIMMIAS

I

An Epitaph on Sophocles

Wind gently, ivy, o'er the tomb,
Gently, where Sophocles is laid ;
Lend thy green tresses for a shade ;
Rose-petals all about him bloom :

Twine thy lithe tendrils, gadding vine,
To praise the cunning of his tongue,
The notes in honeyed concert sung
With Graces and the Muses nine.

II

Epitaph on a Tame Decoy-Partridge

No more, poor partridge, taught to lure
And lurk in woodland glade,
No more thy tuneful note shall sound
A-ringing through the shade,
There in the forest dell to tempt
Thy dappled fellows on ;
Thy last long road is travelled now,
The road to Acheron.

ASCLEPIADES

I

The Reveller in a Storm

Great God ! snow, hail ! make darkness ! thunder !
burn !

On earth thy store of purpling storm-clouds turn !
Slay me, and I will cease ; but while I live,
I revel on, though worse than this thou give.
The god that mastered thee leads me ; he drove
Thee through the brazen bower in gold, O Jove.

II

Sweet are iced bowls in drought ; to sailors sweet
In winter's rear the rising of the Crown ;
But sweetest when beneath one coverlet
Two lovers rapt the might of Cypris own.

III

I am not two and twenty, yet aweary of the sun ;
Ah you Loves, why so abuse me ? why sear me with
your flame ?
Will you miss your helpless plaything, little rogues,
when I am gone ?
Nay sure, you'll go on gaming with new knuckle-
bones for game.

IV

On a Shipwrecked Sailor's Tomb

Eight fathoms from me stay, unquiet seas,
And boil and bluster noisy as you please.
Rend not my tomb ; there lies beneath these stones
No treasure—just a heap of dust and bones.

V

To a Faithless Mistress

That famous Nico swore,
 Swore by Demeter, she would come to-night ;
 She comes no more ; the watch is o'er ;
 She is forsworn ; put out the light.

VI

Of her Maidservant

Be my one witness, Night !
 How Nico's Pythias, saucy wench, can flout.
 A bidden guest, I came of right ;
 May she yet curse thee, from my door shut out.

VII

He hangs his Wreath over the door of his Beloved

Hang here, my wreath, below the eaves ;
 Delay to shake and drop your leaves
 Drenched with my tears—a lover's eye
 Is showerful—till you espy
 The opening door ; then rain, that so
 Those golden locks may drink my woe.

PERIOD III

III

THE EARLIER ALEXANDRIANS OF THE
THIRD CENTURY B.C.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

I

On Erinna the Poetess

Erinna, sweet young voice in tuneful bowers,
A virgin bee that sipped the Muses' flowers,
Was snatched, Death's bride ; with foresight true she
saith
Herself, " A jealous god thou art, O Death."

II

The Dead Shepherd

Shepherds, ye that haunt these rocks
With your goats and fleecy flocks,
Grant a boon of simple worth,
For the sake of Mother Earth
And the Queen of Shades below ;
Let my sheep and kidlings go
Bleating, while the gentle swain
Pipes to them a soothing strain,
On a rustic hillock set ;
Let my village neighbours met,
Soon as spring renews the bloom,
Crop the meads to deck my tomb.
May the ewe's prest udder shed
Sweet libation o'er my bed.
E'en the dead have grace to give
Boons in turn to them who live.

III

Poor son ! Woe's me, who laid thee on the pyre,
 My only child, my boy of eighteen years,
 In prime of life laid low, my heart's desire ;
 My widowed age is empty save for tears.
 Would I could pass within Death's gloomy shade ;
 Nor dawn nor sun has any light for me ;
 My son ill-starred, thy weeping mother aid ;
 My Anticles, take me from life to thee.

IV

The Traveller asks, the Tomb replies

Who art thou, lady, 'neath this carven stone ?
 And what thy father's style ?
 "Calliteles his name, Prexo mine own."
 And whence ? " From Samos' isle."
 Who laid thee here ? " Theocritus ; 'twas he,
 My spouse, laid me in earth."
 And in what form came cruel Death to thee ?
 " He came with pangs of birth."
 And what thine age ? " Years two and twenty told."
 So thou art childless then ?
 " Nay, my Calliteles, three summers old,
 Lives among living men."
 Long may he live till hale old age he see !
 " Thanks, kindly Sir ; kind be Fate too to thee."

V

Good sport to you, hunter or birdcatcher,
 When under my twin mountain top you fare ;
 Call from this cliff on Pan the Forester ;
 I'll join the hunt, whether with dog or snare.

VI

'Tis sailing time ; the swallows come
 Twittering, and all the meadows bloom ;
 Soft Zephyrs breathe, now smile the seas,
 Late tossing to the blustering breeze.
 Up anchor ! Leave the wharf behind,
 Loose all your canvas to the wind.
 I, Harbour God Priapus, say,
 Sail on your trafficking away.

VII!

A Wayside Pool

Traveller, forbear to drink this tepid scum
 Drained from the pasture of the kine ;
 Pass by this hill, the heifers' haunt, and come
 —'Tis but a step—to yonder pine ;
 There wilt thou find, sweet welling from below,
 A spring more cool, more pure, than virgin snow.

VIII

“ Like an old vine upon a standard sere
 I lean upon my staff ; Death's call is clear ;
 Close not thine ears ; what profit hast thou more
 If thou behold three haysels yet or four ? ”
 Old Gorgus musing thus with ne'er a boast,
 Put life aside, and to his fathers crost.

IX

A Sailor's Cenotaph

The eastern gale's wild and precipitous gust,
 Night, and Orion setting sullenly
 Undid me ; so was I Callaeschrus thrust
 From life while coursing o'er the Libyan sea.

And now, the sport of fishes, welter I
Whelmed in the deep ; this tomb is but a lie.

X

A Little Boat

I cannot match the mighty hulk
That sails the Ocean briny ;
I'll not deny it ; small my bulk
I know, my name is " Tiny."

Yet seas impartial do not reck
Of tonnage, but behaviour ;
My trust is not in triple deck,
But Providence my saviour.

XI

A Ship's Tragedy

Full many a league of sea I sailed,
Yet perished here by flame,
In harbour, where the native pines
Were felled to build my frame.

And so the waves that bore me hence
Returned me safe again,
To find the land that gave me birth
More cruel than the main.

XII

To the Satyrs who love the new vintage,
To Bacchus who fosters the vine,
Hermonax here vows from three vineyards
Their fruitage, three barrels of wine.

Of the must that's fermenting within them
To Satyrs and Bacchus we pour
The share that is due in their honour ;
Then drink like the Satyrs, and more.

NOSSIS

Sweeter is nothing, I know well,
Than Love, nor any other bliss
But yields to Love ; for sake of this
My lips disdain sweet hydromel.
Lo, Nossis says it—only those
Who once have tasted Cypris' kiss
Know how her bowers bloom with rose.

THEOCRITUS

I

On a Shrine to Venus

No common Cyprian this ; revere her name,
The Heavenly Cypris, Queen of Grace divine ;
Behold, Chrysogone of blameless fame
Within her husband's house has raised the shrine.

Children and life with Anticles she shared ;
Each year for them has bettered still the past.
They prosper e'er who for the gods have cared ;
For all, O Queen, we thank thee at the last.

II

A Sacrifice to Apollo

This clustering thyme, these roses fresh with dew
Before the Heliconian Nine I strew ;
For thee, great Pythian god, these glossy bays,
Reared by the Delphian mountains to thy praise.
Thine altar yon white goat shall stain, who now
Nibbles the terebinth's extremest bough.

III

Bucolic Vignettes : (1)

On thy twin flutes wilt thou not music make
To charm me ? I my lute likewise will take
And touch the chords ; our herdsman Daphnis too
Will concert breathe his wax-bound reed-pipe
through.
Met in the grot beneath the shaggy steep,
We'll rob goat-footed Pan of all his sleep.

IV (ii)

What boots it, luckless Thyrsis, thus to cry,
With tears to blind the apple of thine eye ?
Gone is thy kid, thy pretty plaything, rent
By ruthless jaw of wolf maleficent.
The dogs may bay—what boots it ? Not a bone
Nor any shred remains whereo'er to moan.

V (iii)

These humble gifts to Pan devotes
Daphnis the fair, who trills his notes
Upon the pastoral pipe—
His tuneful reeds, his fawn-skin cloak,
His javelin sharp, and crook, and poke
That held his apples ripe.

VI (iv)

Daphnis, on leaf-strown earth thou sleep'st forspent
Resting, thy stake-nets on the hill new bent.
But Pan hunts thee, Priapus too, who weaves
His head divine with pallid ivy leaves.
They're entering now thy cave ; up, up ! and flee ;
Shake off the drowsihead that masters thee.

VII

*For his Friend Nicias the Physician and Poet of
Miletus, who was dedicating an Image of Asclepius
in his Temple*

Even to Miletus came Paieon's son,
To aid his leech in curing human ills,
To Nicias, who this grace divine hath won
With daily incense that the temple fills.
To carve this image of sweet cedar-wood
He bade Eetion's hand its cunning use,
Giving him rich largesse, that so he should
Into his limning all his art infuse.

CALLIMACHUS

I

His Literary Ideal

I detest the cyclic poem, I delight not in the way
That carries hither, thither all the traffic of the day ;
I loathe a hackneyed beauty, and never will I drink
At the public drinking-fount ; from all banality I
shrink.

II

On One who abandoned Poetry for Philosophy

Our Theaetetus chose the narrow way ;
 But though it lead
 Not to thy ivy, Bacchus, nor the bay,
 The poet's meed ;

Yet heralds can but blazen forth a name
 Of brief renown ;
 In him for ever Hellas owns the fame
 Of Wisdom's crown.

III

A Mother's Vow to Artemis after Childbirth

Come yet once more, Lucina, when I pray,
 To soothe a mother's pain in mother's joy ;
 This gift is for a girl ; may one some day
 Adorn thy fragrant temple for a boy.

IV

" . . . he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leapt into the sea,
Cleombrotus"

MILTON, *P. L.*, iii. 471

Ambracian Cleombrotus
 Stood on a tower's height,
 And bade good-bye to earth, and sprang,
 And passed to endless night.
 He had no quarrel with his life,
 No misery to thole,
 But he had studied in one book—
 Plato upon the Soul.

V

An Epitaph

Here Saon, Dicon's son, the Acanthian, lies
In holy sleep ; say not the good man dies.

VI

On a Shipwrecked Sailor

Stranger unknown ! Leo thy body found
Stretched on the shore, and laid thee in a grave,
Weeping his own frail life ; he too is bound,
Unresting like the gulls, to skim the wave.

VII

On a Young Girl

Crethis, their first in tale or play,
Sorely the Samian maidens weep ;
Their pretty taskmate, prattler gay,
Sleeps, as must they, her fated sleep.

VIII

A Dedication

I am a bronzen game-cock—thus
My donor says, Euaenetus ;
For of myself I know not aught—
Unto the Great Twin brethren wrought,
In gratitude for victory won ;
I take the word of Phaedrus' son.

IX

The Distraught Lover

Our friend is smarting from some wound
In secret ; hark, that sigh profound !

By his third cup the roses shed
Their wilted petals from his head.
He's got it hard ! I know that grief
By sad experience. "Set a thief !"

X

A Votive Tablet in the Temple of Asclepius

The debt I owed you for my wife
Demodice restored to life
Is paid ; Asclepius, admit
That you and Akeson are quit.
So if again by negligence
You claim your fee and send the bill,
This tablet promises it will
Put itself in for evidence.

XI

A Votive Lamp in the Temple of Canopus

This lamp, with twenty wicks endowed,
Has Critias' Callistion vowed
Over Apellis her daughter
Unto Canopus' deity.
You'll cry, when all my flame you see,
"How art thou fallen, O Lucifer !"

XII

I know my hands are bare of gold ;
For Heaven's sake, my dear,
Chant not the too familiar tale
For ever in my ear.

I'm sick at heart when all day long
I hear the bitter jest ;
Of all thy qualities, my love,
This is unloveliest.

MOERO

I

On a Bunch of Grapes offered to Aphrodite

Lie in the hall of Aphrodite golden,
Ye clustered grapes, with Bacchus' juice replete ;
No more with tendrils fond about you folden
Your mother-vine wreathes o'er you foliage sweet.

II

On Statues of Nymphs in a Grove

Nymphs of Anigrus, daughters of the river,
Who through the flood with rosy footing rove,
All hail ! Protect Cleonymus, the giver
Of your fair statues in this piny grove.

NICAENETUS

I

A Revel in Samos

Not in city nor town shall our banquet be strown,
In the meadow our revel shall be ;

We'll feast, Philotherus, with Zephyr to cheer us ;
A couch in the open for me !

There is store of wild willows to make us our pillows,
And osiers to garland our hair
In the old-fashioned style of our Carian isle ;
And goblet and wine shall be there.

With a goblet of wine and the lyre of the Nine
We will chant the great Consort of Jove,
And take our full pleasure and drink in full measure
The Queen of the island we love.

II

An Epitaph

Biton lies here ; wayfarer, passing on
Hence from Torone to Amphipolis,
Go tell Nicagoras his only son
At the Kids' setting sank in the abyss.

RHIANUS

Surely the Graces caught you once in a narrow place,
And twined their rosy arms about you, and made you
a Grace !
I hail you, and stand afar ; the peril, my dear, were
dire
Did a heart of inflammable tinder draw too near to
the fire.

THEODORIDES

On a Tomb by the Shore

I am a shipwrecked mariner ;
But good voyage to you ;
For when I sank, the other ships
All came safely through.

MNASALCAS

I

When their land groaned beneath a tyrant crew,
These men to save it donned a robe of clay,
And won great glory. Let their fellows too
Learn to die for their country even as they.

II

On the Death of a Fowler

Henceforth the bird may rest her wing,
On this fresh plane-tree safely perched ;
Poemander lives no more to swing
His fowling-rods with lime besmirched.

III

An Autumn Vignette

Why hasten, vine, to shed thy foliage sere ?
Fear'st thou the Pleiad sinking in the west ?
Linger to shade Antileon slumbering here,
And to the fairest offer still thy best.

IV

A Statue of Artemis in a Wood

Cleonymus erected this
Thine image, goddess Artemis ;
Reign o'er this teeming game-forest
Which oft thine eager feet have prest,
Where from the leafy hill resounds
Thy cheery call to questing hounds.

MOSCHUS

On a Gem representing Cupid ploughing

Love laid aside his torch and bow,
And grasped a goad to guide the plough,
Two sturdy bulls beneath the yoke ;
A wallet on his back he bound,
And set himself to till the ground,
And looked to Jove aloft, and spoke :
" Jove, you must give me harvest full,
Or I shall yoke Europa's bull."

DIOTIMUS

I

A Thunderstorm in the Hills

Untended, white with driven snow,
Down from the hills the cattle go
Back to their stalls at even ;

Their herdsman sleeps beneath the oak
His long last sleep, stilled by the stroke
Of the red fire of heaven.

II

A Mother's Epitaph

What joy is there of motherhood,
What profit in the womb?
Better ne'er bear a child than weep
A child's untimely doom.

His mother, I, within this grave
My boy Bianor laid,
The grave that fitlier the son
Had for his mother made.

THEAETETUS

I

An Epitaph

By Friendship's God ! All seamen sailing near,
Ariston of Cyrene bids you hear !
Tell his sire Menon, by the Icarian steep
He welters whelmed in the Aegean deep.

II

On the Philosopher Crantor

Beloved of men, loved of the Muses more,
Died Crantor ere his term of age was o'er.
Earth, did the good man come to end in thee,
Or lives he yonder in felicity?

III

On a Votive Relief of Two Children

God bless you, pretty children ! Whose are you, and
what your race ?

What pretty name does each one bear, to suit a
pretty face ?

“ Nicanor I am called, and I am Aepioretus’ son ;

Hegeso is my mother, and I come from Macedon.”

“ And I am little Phila, and this my brother dear ;

In fulfilment of our parents’ vow we both are standing
here.”

PERIOD III

IV

THE LATER ALEXANDRIANS OF THE
SECOND CENTURY B.C.

ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

I

On Marsyas

Never in Phrygia's piny dells again
Thy well-pierced reeds shall pour their dulcet strain :
No more, O Satyr, to thy fingering
Tritonian Pallas' handiwork shall sing.
Thy wrists are bound with thongs and hung on high,
For thou, a mortal, wouldst with Phoebus vie.
The flute that erst piped lyre-like to thy breath
Won thee in contest but the crown of death.

II

To Pan

Breathe, Mountain Pan, a joyous note
On rustic pipes from ample throat ;
Pour from glad reeds thy tune, inspire
To concert sweet the harmonious quire ;
The water nymphs around shall glance
With cadence true in rhythmic dance.

DIONYSIUS

Epitaph on Eratosthenes

No wasting sickness, but long years of peace
Laid thee to slumber, Eratosthenes.

Thinker profoundest, brought to thy long rest
Not with thy sires, on thy Cyrene's breast,
But here, a friend, though in a stranger land,
Thou hast thy tomb on Proteus' fringe of sand.

DIOSCORIDES

I

The Origin of Tragedy

I, Thespis, was the first to mould
The revellers' goat-song known of old,
And lend it tragic graces new,
When Bacchus led his vintage crew,
While yet for rustic prize was set
A goat and Attic fig-basket.
Now times are changed, old ways outgrown ;
New men, new modes ; mine are my own.

II

An Epitaph

A Lydian, aye, a Lydian slave ;
Yet, master, thou didst kindly lay
Him who o'erwatched thy childhood's way
To rest him in a free man's grave.

Long mayst thou live, and happily ;
And when in time thou too must come
To join me in my narrow home,
Still, master, I thy slave will be.

An Epitaph

In me the wife of Archelaus see,
 The child of sorrowing Demarete
 And Theodectes, me foredoomed to know
 Nothing of motherhood except the woe.
 My babe was taken ere he yet had seen
 A score of days ; myself at years eighteen,
 Scarcely a mother, scarce indeed a bride,
 In piteous immaturity I died.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I

Orpheus

Orpheus, no more the charmed oaks
 Obey thy lyre, nor stubborn rocks
 Nor beasts that range the lea ;
 No blast of wind thou soothest now,
 Nor hail nor any gust of snow,
 Nor the resounding sea.

And Memory's daughters all made moan
 At thy decease, and chiefly one,
 The Muse who gave thee breath.
 Why do we for our children wail,
 When even the gods may not avail
 To save their sons from death ?

II

Homer

Herald of heroes, Hellas' other sun,
 Mouthpiece of Heaven, light of the Muses' band,
 Homer, the world's undying clarion,
 Lies buried in the drifting sea-board sand.

III

Anacreon

Stranger, for this poor tomb a boon I crave ;
 Pour on Anacreon's dust a draught of wine ;
 Refresh my bones with vintage in the grave,
 If ever pleasure from my Muse was thine.
 Once I was dear to Bacchus' tipsy rout,
 Once foremost minstrel of the revelling crew ;
 Let me not suffer here in endless drought
 The dreary penance to all mortals due.

IV

Pindar

Even as the rustic flute
 Is overborne by the loud clarion's ring,
 So, Pindar, doth thy lute
 Imperial the common quire outsing.

Surely 'twas not for naught
 That to thy childish lips the buzzing brood
 Their garnered honey brought,
 And stored with thee their wax-encrusted food.

Great Pan thy witness is,
 The horned god of Maenalus, who heeds
 Only thy melodies,
 And all forgetful drops his pastoral reeds.

V

On a Dead Mother

Sure, when upon Cocytus' shore
 Thou steppedst from the boat that bore
 Thee with its weeping freight,
 A babe upon thy tender breast,
 The Dorian matrons round thee prest,
 And pitying asked thy fate.

Then, Aretemias, thou didst tear
 Thy cheeks, and 'mid thy tears declare
 Thy lamentable woe ;
 "Twin babes, kind friends, I brought to birth ;
 One with my Euphron stayed on earth,
 One comes with me below."

VI

On a Dog

Lampo, the hound of Midas, died of drought,
 Though long and bravely for his life he fought.
 His paws dug the moist spot ; but all too slow
 Did water from the hidden runlet flow.
 Worn out, he fell ; then sprang the fountain clear ;
 Nymphs, ye revenged on him your stricken deer.

VII

On an Ant

Busy toilsome hapless ant,
 For thy sepulchre I plant
 Next the barn a crumbled clod ;
 So shall Ceres' fertile sod
 Offer thee a rustic bed,
 Cheer thee as thou liest dead.

VIII

On a Maid who died on the Eve of Marriage

In the golden bridal chamber was spread the saffron
bed
Where Clearete the virgin Pitanaean should be
led ;
Her parents looked to see the day when they should
wave on high
In either hand the wedding torch upflaring to the
sky.
Poor Demo and Nicippus ! There befel a sickness
sore,
And far away the maid was swept to Lethe's ocean
shore.
The companions of her girlhood had wail in place of
jest,
And for beating of the chamber-door was beating of
the breast.

IX

On a Sailor drowned in Harbour

Sea is everywhere sea ! What profits it to complain
Of Cyclades or the Needles or Hellespont's narrow
lane ?
Names of terror, no more, are they ; for from them I
sped
Safely, only that Scarphe's haven should swallow me
dead.
Well may men pray for happy return ! But the ways
of the wave
Are ever the same, full well Aristagoras knows in his
grave.

X

The Seven Wonders of the World

Zeus carved beside Alpheus I have seen,
 And seen the beetling walls of Babylon
 Where chariots drive ; the hanging gardens green,
 The towering Colossus of the Sun ;
 The toilsome bulk of lofty pyramids,
 And King Mausolus' giant monument ;
 Yet have I seen one wonder that outbids
 All these, up-climbing to the cloudy tent ;—
 Artemis' fane ! Beneath Olympus' height
 The sun himself sees no such other sight.

XI

A Wool-weaver dedicates her Implements

Pallas, accept this weaver's comb,
 The tuneful halcyon of the loom,
 That ever at the break of day
 Sang to the swallows' morning play ;
 This distaff heavy-headed, twirled
 To spin the thread incessant curled ;
 These clews ; the distaff-loving creel
 That guards the woven web ; the reel.
 Industrious Telesilla brings,
 Diocles' child, these offerings
 To thee, goddess of wool-weavings.

XII

The Pilot's Death

Through raging snow and tempest dark
 Damis of Nysa steered his bark
 From danger of the Ionian main
 Unscathed to Pelops' land again.

With passengers all sound and well
The ship was saved, the anchor fell ;
The aged pilot bowed his head
Benumbed with cold, and straight was dead.
Glad harbourage for others won,
To Hades' haven he was gone.

XIII

A Fisherman's Dedication

This remnant of a wandering sea-serpent
Hermonax found when, on his fishing bent,
He drew his drag-net from the sea to land,
And saw this lying battered on the sand,
Torn by the rocks, by tattering billows flung ;
And so to Ino and Palaemon young
This twice four fathoms' length in vow he gave,
The waves' marvel to godheads of the wave.

XIV

Sailing in Spring

Now the tossing ship may sail,
No wave glooms shivering with the gale ;
The swallow builds beneath the eaves,
The copses laugh with tender leaves.
Now at your capstans haul away,
Lift the sunk anchor from the clay ;
Spread the white sail ; Priapus thus
Commands you, son of Bromius.

XV

His Plan of Life

The prophets tell me I must die
In early youth.
Well, well, Seleucus, what care I
Though this be truth ?

Some day we all must pass below ;
If I am sped
Sooner, the sooner shall I know
The mighty dead.

Bring wine ! The bowl shall be my horse
Upon the road,
To make more light the weary course
By footmen trod.

ARISTON

The Poor Scholar

Mice, if you come for food, depart !
My humble cell is bare,
Cream-cheese and figs and luscious tart,
These you must seek elsewhere.
But if you dare again dishevel
My books, I'll make you rue your revel.

HERMOCREON

I

On a Fountain in the Courtyard of his House

Ye Water-nymphs, to you Hermocreon vows
This basin for the crystal spring he found.
Welcome ! With gracious feet enter his house
And bid his court with beverage pure abound.

II

A Statue of Hermes in a Grove

Beneath this plane-tree, traveller, take thy cheer,
 Where gentle Zephyr rustles through the leaves ;
 Nicagoras hath set my statue here ;
 I Hermes am, and guard the flocks and sheaves.

TYMNES

I

On a Dead Linnet

Pretty linnet, art thou gone ?
 Gone, the Graces' dear delight,
 Voice that matched the halcyon,
 Daintiness and music bright,
 Flown to silent ways of night.

II

An Epitaph on an Egyptian buried in Crete

Grieve not too sore to have thy last abode,
 Philainis, far away from Nile and home,
 In Eleutherne here ; one equal road
 From everywhence leads downward through the
 tomb.

III

On a Maltese Dog

A Maltese lies this stone below,
 Eumelus' watch-dog, "Bully" hight,
 Most trusty friend ; his barking now
 Is for the silent ways of night.

ARISTODICUS

On a Pet Cicada

No more, shrill cricket, in rich Alkis' court
Is heard thy voice ; no light of sun for thee.
Now through the meads of Hades dost thou sport
And dewy flowers of Queen Persephone.

MELEAGER

I

His Poems to Heliodora (Doris)

I will twine soft daffodilly,
Violet white with myrtle wed,
Saffron sweet and laughing lily,
Bluebells, true-love roses red ;
So shall my crown with petals strow
The fragrant locks on Doris' brow.

II

My crown on Doris' ringlets pines ;
Crown of the crown my Doris shines.

III

In my heart's core my sweet-voiced Doris stands,
Soul of my soul, moulded by Love's own hands.

IV

Pour me to her, and pour once more,
 Mingling the lovely name, and say :
 " Here's to the name of Heliodore !"
 Set on my brow the wreath she wore,
 Faint with the fragrance of yesterday—
 Yesterday !—to mind me of her.

The true-love rose is weeping, see,
 To find her gone and away from me,
 Her arms no more about her lover.

V

She's kidnapped ! Gone ! What miscreant could
 dare

To war on Love, and wreak such monstrous ill ?
 Bring torches, quick ! But hark, a step ! she's there ;
 My Doris comes ; O throbbing heart, be still.

VI

O Night ! O sleepless heartache of despair !
 O jealous day-break's tearful-joyous charms !
 Thinks Heliodora yet of me, and e'er
 With mindful kisses my cold semblance warms ?
 Are tears her bedfellows ? Does she embrace
 In dreams my phantom vision ? Or has she
 New playthings, other loves ? Lamp, hide thy face,
 Or keep her as I trusted her to thee.

VII

Flower-sipping honey-bee, why, lit
 On Heliodora's hand, dost quit
 The buds of spring ?
 Is this the message thou dost bring,

That not alone the honeydew
Is hers, but that she carries too
Love's cruel dart to wound the heart,
The intolerable sting?
Yes, yes, 'tis that ; thy tale is told ;
Begone, begone, Love's myrmidon ;
Thy tale is true, but oh ! so old.

VIII

My sweet-voiced Heliadora shall, say I,
In legend e'en the Graces' grace outvie.

IX

To Our Lady of Suasion pour,
Heliadore !
To Cypris the Queen once more—
Heliadore !
To the Goddess of Gracious Word
Pour me a third—
Heliadore !

One in my heart I enroll,
Three one deity sole ;
Mingle in unmixed wine
One name adorable, thine,
Heliadore !

X

Her Epitaph

I send thee, Heliadora, to pass to thee below,
My tears, the last sad gift to Death that Love may
yet bestow.

On thy tomb for my libation fall my bitter tears and
hot
Of unforget affection, of yearnings unforget.
Sore, very sore his lost one doth thy Meleager
mourn,
Speeding the fruitless comfort to the realm of death
forlorn.
Where is she now, my darling? Ah me, the angel
passed
And plucked, and lo ! my floweret fresh down in the
dust was cast.
Earth, generous-hearted mother, I pray, my treasure
hold,
And gently to thy bosom my Heliodora fold.

XI

Poems to Zeno (Zenophile) (i)

The cup is happy, for it saith
That it hath tasted Zeno's breath,
The while she drank and laughed.
Ah, lucky cup ! Would Zeno's lip
Were set to mine, my soul to sip
And drink it at a draught.

XII (ii)

Now bloom the violets, now the daffodils
Shower-loving, now the lilies range the hills ;
Now blooms the flower of all the flowery quire,
My Zeno, sweet red rose of heart's desire.
You meads, why idly laugh in your gay tresses ?
Sweeter than all your wreaths my bonnie lass is.

XIII

Cupid at Auction (iii)

For sale ! Who'll buy ? See him lie
On his mother's lap asleep,
Too pert a rogue for me to keep.

A saucy nose, wings—and those
Nails can scratch, and he can smile
Wicked smiles, and weep the while.

Chatterbox, crafty fox,
Keen-eyed, obstinate and wild,
His mother's self can't tame the child.

A monster ! So he must go.
Is any outbound merchant nigh
Who wants a boy ? Come buy, come buy !

And yet—and yet—his eyes are wet,
Beseeching ; no, I cannot sell !
Stay, boy, and with my Zeno dwell.

XIV

Cupid a Runaway (iv)

Lost a boy ! A runaway !
Raise the hue and cry O !
From his bed at break of day
Naughty Love did fly O !
Fleet he is, a quiver bears,
Wings upon his shoulder ;
Saucy laugh and dainty tears ;
None can chatter bolder.
What his country none can tell,
Nor his sire before him ;
Land and sea and heaven and hell
Swear they never bore him.

All disown him, all detest ;
Hurry ! While you're staying
Sure the rascal in some breast
Other snares is laying.
Ho, you rogue ! I spy your lair !
Now you cannot fly, sir,
Lurking with your arrows there
In my Zeno's eye, sir !

xv (v)

Go, little gnat, and seek
My Zeno, quick my message bear,
And lighting on her cheek
Whisper in her ear,
"Sleepless thy lover waits thee yet ;
And wilt thou linger and forget?"
Now go, my tuneful herald, go ;
Only beware
Lest someone sleeping nigh
Thou rouse to jealousy ;
So whisper low ;
And if thou bring'st me back my fair,
I promise thee a lion's skin to wear,
And a club for thy hand to bear.

xvi (vi)

By Pan Arcadian ! Zeno, with sweet sound,
Yea, very sweet, thy harping ravisheth ;
How shall I flee thee ! Cupids throng me round,
And leave me not a moment's space for breath.
Is it thy form or song, whereto I yearn ?
Thy grace ? Thy —— ? Nay, 'tis all. I burn, I burn !

XVII (vii)

I would that I were wingless Sleep,
My pretty sweeting,
Over thine eyelids watch to keep,
About thee fleeting.

So the Sleep God who conquers Jove
Should ne'er behold thee,
But all alone in dreams of love
I would enfold thee.

XVIII

Chloe, those eyes like rippled light
Upon a tranquil sea
The lonely wayfarer invite,
"Come love-sailing with me."

XIX

O'er the wild sea of revelry
Where am I drifting?
Swept on by Love's relentless tide,
Prey to the shifting
Unresting gusts of jealousy,
Helpless my steering,
Once more to dainty doom I ride,
My Scylla nearing.

XX

To Timarion

Cupid, lo, a prisoner lies,
Tangled as he winged the skies
In the lashes of thine eyes.

XXI

To the Same

Timo, birdlime is thy kiss,
 And thy glance a fiery torch ;
 Where thou lookest thou dost scorch,
 Whoso touches tangled is.

XXII

Demo's ringlet, Doris' shoe-tie,
 Timo's perfumed bowers,
 Anticlea's radiant beauty,
 Dorothy's wreath of flowers,
 Cupid, all thy darts are spent,
 Let thy empty quiver fall ;
 See thy barbed armament
 Buried in my bosom all.

XXIII

Dawn, lovers' bane, oh why
 So soon, while yet I lie
 Warm on my Demo's breast ?
 Turn back, and evening be ;
 For thy sweet light to me
 Is bitterest.
 Of old, when for Alcmene burned
 High Zeus, thy steps were backward turned ;
 Motion reverse thou well hast learned.

XXIV

Dawn, lovers' bane, oh why so slow
 On thy world-circuit dost thou go,
 Now Demo with another toys ?
 Too quick of old, when she was mine,
 Did thy malignant radiance shine,
 Only to mock my joys.

XXV

Hail, Star of Morn ! But come back soon, not now
 Herald of day,
 But Evening Star, to bring back her whom thou
 Takest away.

XXVI

Souls are butterflies, they say ;
 If you singe their flutterings
 Once too oft, they fly away ;
 Cruel Love, souls too have wings.

XXVII

Three are the sweet girl Hours, the Graces three ;
 Three cruel charmers pelt me with their darts ;
 Love bends three bows, as though he saw in me
 Not one heart to be wounded, but three hearts.

XXVIII

Go, Dorcas, tell Lycainis her veneer
 Of love is sham ; and time makes all shams clear.
 Go, tell her, Dorcas—tell it, tell it twice :
 Mind, tell it all ; be off, and tell it thrice.
 No lingering, fly ! Here ! Stop a minute. Hold !
 Why hurry off before the whole is told ?
 Just add that—no, I mean that—I don't know—
 Don't say a word—but just—tell all. So go !
 Be sure you tell it all ! But why send you,
 Dorcas, when I myself am going too ?

XXIX

To a Caged Cicada

Grasshopper, charm for sleepless night,
 Grasshopper, balm for love's despite,
 Muse of the fields of spring,

Nature's own harper, tune thy lay
To love, thy pretty foot let play
 On thy melodious wing.
And if thou wilt beguile my care
And lull my sorrows, weave an air
 Of notes love-wandering.
Then groundsel fresh for thy delight
Each morn, and dew-drops sprinkled light
 For thy reward I'll bring.

XXX

The sound of love rings ever in my ears,
 My eye weeps mute sweet tribute to desire ;
No sleep or night or day ; the love-charm sears
 My soul still branded with familiar fire.
Ye winged Loves, why swoop ye on my heart
So swift, and yet so helpless to depart ?

XXXI

On thee the cable of my life is bent,
 In thee is found what spirit is left me now ;
Aye, by thy glances, mute yet eloquent,
 By the perfection of thy marble brow,
Thy scowl can chill me like the winter snow ;
Smile, and I bask in spring's delightful glow.

XXXII

Pan on the Death of Dahnis

I, Pan goat-footed, tend no more
 My kidling flocks ;
I have no pleasure as of yore
 To scale the rocks.

What can the mountains yield me yet
For my desire?
Daphnis is dead, Daphnis who set
My heart on fire.

Here in the city let me mope ;
Be others bold
To chase the game ; Pan cannot cope
His joys of old.

XXXIII

O cruel god, I'm down !
Set on my neck thy heel !
By Heaven, I know thy frown,
A bitter frown to feel !

I know thy fiery dart ;
But now, for all thy pains,
Thou canst not fire my heart ;
Nothing but ash remains.

XXXIV

I will burn your weapons, Cupid ! Ay, by Venus, I
will throw
In the fire your Scythian quiverful of arrows and your
bow !
I'll burn them ! Why that silly laugh, that grinning
mocking sneer ?
You shall laugh upon the wrong side of your mouth,
Sir, never fear.
I'll clip those pretty wings of yours that lead the way
to Passion,
And manacles and gyves of brass to fetter you I'll
fashion.

Yet with my own petard I'm hoist, if in my breast I
lock
A traitor, shut the wild-cat in the goat-fold with the
flock.
Unconquerable boy, be off! Put on your sandals
light,
But make for other bosoms when you spread your
wings in flight.

XXXV

Vocal cicada, drunk with dewy drops,
Thou tunest thy lonesome rustic melody
On this tall tree, touching the lyric stops
Upon thy swarthy side and serrate thigh.
My kindly friend, in antiphone to Pan
Pipe to the sylvan nymphs a jocund strain,
While, scaping love, I sleep a noontide span
Stretcht here at length beneath the shadowy plane.

XXXVI

You freighted ships, that homeward sail
The Hellespont, before the gale
Of Boreas running free,
If haply on Cos' island strand
You chance to see my Phanion stand
Gazing across the sea,
Tell her how yearning draws me home ;
Yet not on shipboard do I come,
But footing it by road.
And if you bear my message well,
Your sails with favouring breeze shall swell,
Sent by a kindly god.

XXXVII

The sweet day-break
 Is come, yet on the threshold Damis lies,
 And keeps his wake,
 And wastes the remnant of his spirit in sighs.

He caught a sight,
 Poor wretch—of two bright eyes, and all his soul
 In their hot light
 Melted like wax cast on the glowing coal.

Nay, Damis, nay !
 Be up and doing ! Like to thee I pine ;
 I too bewray
 Love's wound, and with thy tears I mingle mine.

XXXVIII

One day I saw Alexis walk
 In noon-tide heat ;
 Summer was reaping from the stalk
 The ripened wheat.
 And so I burnt in double wise ;
 The fire of Love
 Outdid in flame of those bright eyes
 The sun above.
 Yet this was quenched when evening came ;
 That, all the night,
 Fanned brighter yet in dreams the flame
 That was so bright.
 So sleep, that brings to others rest,
 Brought me but care,
 Branding relentless on my breast
 That image fair.

XXXIX

On his Old Age

My birthplace was of Syria,
 The Attic haunt of Gadara ;
 My foster-nurse was island Tyre,
 And Eucrates I own for sire.
 By Muses' help the first to vie
 With Menippean Graces, I
 Am Meleager. Yes, and what
 If Syrian? Stranger, marvel not.
 Own we not all one common earth?
 One chaos brought us all to birth.
 Now full of years these lines I trace,
 Here with my burial face to face :
 In House of Eld who sojourneth
 Hath for his next-door neighbour Death.
 Bid an old garrulous man "good-bye" ;
 Such garrulous age mayest thou enjoy.

XL

His own Epitaph

Tread softly by me, stranger ; in the precincts of the
 blest
 An old man, Meleager, sleeps his appointed rest.
 I the son of Eucrates, who taught Cupid the tearful-
 sweet
 And the Muses all to trip it with the Graces' frolic
 feet.
 Tyre, nurse of gods, and Gadara reared me from babe
 to man ;
 My age was tended by the care of Cos Meropian.

Art thou a Syrian? Say "salaam." Art thou Phenician? call
"Naidios"; if Grecian, say "All hail!" the same to
me are all.

PHILODEMUS

I

The buds of her spring are not opened,
The grape has no purple to shew;
Yet the charm of the maiden is dawning,
The young Loves are stringing the bow.

While the fire in sweet Lucy yet smoulders,
Fond lovers, take counsel of me—
Beware of the great conflagration;
Ere the arrows are drawn at you, flee!

II

Shine, horned moon, Queen of the midnight hour,
And through the casement pour thy throbbing rays;
Shine on my golden Phyllis; through the bower
Of lovers may a goddess seemly gaze.
Thou sharest her joys and mine, O moon, I know;
Did not Endymion set thy heart aglow?

III

I have loved—what man but has loved? Adept in the
frenzy of wine
I have revelled—who is not adept? I was mad, but
with madness divine.

Well, it is over and done ; farewell ! We are turning
the page ;
White hairs come with the black, to herald the wisdom
of age.
When it was time for sporting, I sported ; now it is
o'er,
My spirit shall turn me now to the light of a loftier
lore.

ZONAS

I

The orchard keeper doth to thee,
Priapus, dedicate
This quince in bloom of tender down,
This bursting pomegranate,

A walnut shelled from its green husk,
A wrinkled navel-fig,
A purple bunch of swelling grapes,
With tipsy juices big.

So may thy image, rustic god,
Thy rough-hewn tree-trunk, please
To take the vegetable vow,
The offering of the trees.

II

Demeter of the Threshing-floor,
Seasons that rule the plough,
These from his scanty fields to you
Hermonax gives in vow ;

Your share of winnowed corn and pulse
In mingled seeds is laid
Here on the wooden trivet stool,
Your first fruits duly paid.

Little his store, and least the gifts ;
Tiny the patch he owns
Along the rugged mountain side
Amid the barren stones.

ERYCIUS

On a Tomb at Cyzicus

An Attic maid in Athens born,
By arms Italian I was torn,
Ruthless, a captive from my home,
And made a denizen of Rome.
Therefrom to Cyzicus came I,
This island city, here to die ;
And here my bones are laid in earth.
Farewell, dear country of my birth,
Thou too wherein my lot was cast,
And thou that giv'st me rest at last.

NOTES

ERINNA (*about 600 B.C. ?*)

1. A.P. vii. 712; M. iii. 18. The epigram is quoted by Leonidas (see No. 1 under his name) and imitated by Meleager.
2. A.P. vi. 352; M. iv. 34.

SIMONIDES

1. A.P. vii. 253; M. iii. 1. This epigram and the next were for the Athenian and Spartan dead at Plataea, but it is not clear which is for which.
2. A.P. vii. 25; M. iii. 2.
3. A.P. vii. 249; M. iii. 4; it is quoted by Herodotus.
4. A.P. vii. 344. After removing the feeble distich which is given separately in the Anthology and is plainly a later addition, I see no reason to doubt the attribution of the couplet. The lion is of course an allusion to the name of Leonidas.
5. A.P. vii. 512; M. iii. 6. This may possibly be for the tomb of the Tegeans who fell at Plataea. But the next, with its allusion to the Hellenes who strove to deprive other Hellenes of freedom, evidently refers to the war between Sparta and Tegea, B.C. 479-464, and this may belong to the same series of events. Tegea won a great victory over Sparta but was in the end subdued.
6. A.P. vii. 442.
7. A.P. vii. 26; M. iii. 10.
8. Thucydides vi. 59; quoted also, as by Simonides, in Aristotle, *Rhet.* i. 9, 1367b. Archidike, the daughter of Hippas, married Aiantides, son of Hippoclus, "tyrant" of

Lampsacus, and the inscription was on her grave there. Little is known of her brothers, and nothing of her sons; their dynasty must be taken on trust. It is significant of Athenian resentment that no word is said of her grandfather Pisistratus, the most famous of all.

9. A.P. vii. 590; M. xi. 20. Doubt has been thrown on the authenticity of the epigram because of an apparent false quantity. But, as Mackail says, "the epigram has the all but inimitable touch of Simonides, and if not authentic is a very masterly forgery."

10. Pollux v. 47; M. iii. 61. Pelion and Ossa record Simonides' visits to the Aleuadae in Thessaly. Cithaeron is named because Athens was his second home.

11. Athenaeus iii. 125; M. x. 5. The story is quoted by Ath. from the Miscellanies of Callistratus—not a high authority—and its authenticity cannot be guaranteed.

AESCHYLUS (525-426 B.C.)

1. A.P. vii. 255; M. iii. 9. Nothing is known of the occasion, and the ascription in the Anthology is our only ground for naming Aeschylus.

2. M. iii. 13. The epitaph, according to the Life of Aeschylus, was inscribed on his tomb at Gela in Sicily, where he died. Athenaeus, quoting it, says that it was by Aeschylus himself. He fought, of course, both at Marathon and Salamis.

BACCHYLIDES (c. 470 B.C.)

A.P. vi. 53; M. ii. 35. The epigram is assigned to Bacchylides by the Anthology, but it seems to me to belong to a much later age. Bacchylides was nephew of Simonides.

PLATO (429-347)

(Of the numerous epigrams attributed to Plato in the Anthology the six first given here may fairly be considered authentic.)

1. M. iv. 14, from Olympiodorus in his *Life of Plato* and Thomas Magister in his *Life of Aristophanes*.

2. A.P. vii. 256; M. iii. 11.

3. A.P. vii. 259; M. iii. 12.

4. A.P. vii. 669; M. viii. 7. I am of course aware that in turning Aster into Stella I am translating manners as well as words; but I am prepared to defend the process.

5. A.P. vii. 670; M. xi. 53.

6. A.P. xii. 56.

ASCRIBED TO PLATO

1. A.Plan. 13; M. vi. 5.

2. A.P. ix. 823; M. vi. 8.

3. A.P. vi. 1; M. ii. 22.

4. A.Plan. 248; M. iv. 45.

5. A.P. ix. 747.

6. A.P. ix. 44; M. ix. 31.

PARRHASIUS (*fl.* 400 B.C.)

M. iv. 47, from Athenaeus xii. 543c.

THUCYDIDES (471-401 B.C.)

A.P. vii. 45; M. iv. 13. Though ascribed to Thucydides the epigram is probably of later date.

DEMODOCUS (?)

A.P. xi. 236; M. x. 39.

ADDAEUS OF MACEDONIA (*about* 320 B.C.)

1. A.P. vi. 228; M. vi. 18.

2. A.P. vii. 694; M. v. 12. Compare the epigram of Perses.

ANYTE OF TEGEA (*about* 300 B.C. ?)

1. A.P. ix. 144; M. vi. 24.

2. A. P. ix. 314; M. vi. 14.

3. A.Plan. 291; M. ii. 37.

HEGESIPPUS (*of doubtful age*)

A.P. vi. 178; M. ii. 28.

PERSES (*of doubtful age*)

A.P. ix. 334; M. v. 11. Tychon is one of the minor domestic gods, of the same class as the "hero" Philopregmon in Addaeus, No. 2.

SIMMIAS OF RHODES (*before 300 B.C.*)

1. A.P. vii. 22; M. iv. 12.
2. A.P. vii. 203; M. xi. 12.

ASCLEPIADES OF SAMOS (*about 290 B.C.*)

One of the most famous poets of the Alexandrian school; acknowledged by Theocritus as one of his masters.

1. A.P. v. 64; M. iv. 12.
2. A.P. v. 169; M. i. 2.
3. A.P. xii. 46; M. i. 66.
4. A.P. vii. 284; M. xi. 30.
5. A.P. v. 150; M. i. 27.
6. A.P. v. 164; M. i. 28.
7. A.P. v. 145; M. i. 69.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (*about 274 B.C.*)

1. A.P. vii. 13; M. iv. 7. Leonidas quotes from the epitaph of Erinna on Baucis translated under her name, No. 1.
2. A.P. vii. 657; M. xi. 9.
3. A.P. vii. 466; M. xi. 37.
4. A.P. vii. 163; M. iii. 52.
5. A.P. ix. 337; M. v. 10. On a statue of Pan in a valley between two hills.
6. A.P. x. 1; M. vi. 26.
7. A.Plan. 230; M. vi. 3.
8. A.P. vii. 731; M. xi. 6.
9. A.P. vii. 273; M. iii. 26.

10. A.P. ix. 107 ; M. v. 13.
11. A.P. ix. 106 ; M. ix. 28.
12. A.P. vi. 44 ; M. x. 6.

THEOCRITUS (*about 280 B.C.*)

(The famous bucolic poet)

1. A.P. vi. 340 ; M. vii. 10.
2. A.P. vi. 336 ; M. ii. 19.
3. A.P. ix. 433 ; M. iv. 23.
4. A.P. ix. 432 ; M. xi. 15.
5. A.P. vi. 177 ; M. ii. 38.
6. A.P. ix. 338 ; M. vi. 13.
7. A.P. vi. 337 ; M. ii. 15.

CALLIMACHUS (*d. about 240 B.C.*)

(The greatest poet of Alexandria)

1. A.P. xii. 43 ; M. iv. 31. The lines explain much that we find in Callimachus' poetry. He is always striving after originality, sometimes by obscure and involved expression, sometimes by a markedly trivial and familiar treatment, as in Nos. 10 and 11. He can, however, be simple and touching—as in Nos. 5, 6 and 7. The "cyclic poem" expresses his contempt for the purely imitative epic of Apollonius Rhodius.

2. A.P. ix. 565 ; M. xii. 19. Theætetus may be identical with the author of several epigrams, some of which are here translated (see p. 87).

3. A.P. vi. 146 ; M. vii. 12.
4. A.P. vii. 471 ; M. iv. 29.
5. A.P. vii. 451 ; M. iii. 67.
6. A.P. vii. 277 ; M. iii. 22.
7. A.P. vii. 459 ; M. iii. 42.
8. A.P. vi. 149 ; M. ii. 13.
9. A.P. xii. 134 ; M. i. 13.
10. A.P. vi. 147 ; M. vii. 13.

11. A.P. vi. 148; M. ii. 26 (see Additional Note).
12. A.P. xii. 148; M. ix. 15.

MOERO (*about 250 B.C.*)

One of the famous poetesses of her age. These two dedications are all that survive.

1. A.P. vi. 119; M. ii. 20.
2. A.P. vi. 189.

NICAENETUS (*about 250 B.C.*)

1. M. vi. 28, from Athenaeus, who speaks of the use of osier withies for festal crowns as peculiar to Nicaenetus' native island of Samos. It is connected with the rites used in the worship of Hera, the "Consort of Jove," and patron goddess of the island.

2. A.P. vii. 502; M. iii. 29.

RHIANUS (*about 200 B.C.*)

A famous epic poet of Alexandria.

A.P. xii. 121; M. viii. 2.

THEODORIDES (*about 200 B.C.*)

A.P. vii. 282; M. iii. 19.

MNASALCAS (*before 200 B.C.*)

1. A.P. vii. 242; M. iii. 5. There is no known occasion for this epitaph, which is probably only an imitation of Simonides, whose style, it must be admitted, is admirably caught. Dying for freedom was quite out of date in Mnasalcas' time. Hence, no doubt, the reason for an epitaph on Mnasalcas by Theodorides (A.P. xii. 21), accusing him of "turgidity" or, as we should say, "insincerity."

2. A.P. vii. 171; M. xi. 10. The "fowling-rods" were long sticks smeared with birdlime and set up among the trees for birds to perch on.

3. A.P. xii. 138 ; M. viii. 8.
4. A.P. vi. 268 ; M. ii. 40.

MOSCHUS (*before 200 B.C.*)

A. Plan. 174 ; M. iv. 37.

DIOTIMUS (*probably of the same time*)

1. A.P. vii. 172 ; M. xi. 17.
2. A.P. vii. 261 ; M. iii. 41.

THEAETETUS (*before 240 B.C.*)

1. A.P. vii. 499 ; M. iii. 28.
2. M. xi. 7, from the Life of Crantor by Diog. Laert. Crantor was head of the Academy about 300 B.C. This epigram confirms the belief that the author is identical with the Theaetetus of Callimachus' epigram.
3. A.P. vi. 357 ; M. vii. 16.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (*about 100 B.C.*)

There is another Antipater, of Thessalonica. Both were copious epigrammatists, and as a certain number of poems appear in the Anthology only under the name of Antipater there is some doubt as to which of the two is the author. I have followed Mackail in his attribution.

1. A.P. vii. 8 ; M. iv. 4.
2. A.P. vii. 6 ; M. iv. 2.
3. A.P. vii. 26 ; M. iv. 9.
4. A. Plan. 305 ; M. 10. There is an allusion to the story that when Pindar was a child a swarm of bees settled on him and left their honey on his lips.
5. A.P. vii. 464 ; M. vii. 19.
6. A.P. ix. 417 ; M. xi. 16.
7. A.P. vii. 209 ; M. xi. 11.
8. A.P. vii. 711 ; M. xi. 41.
9. A.P. vii. 639 ; M. iii. 27.

10. A.P. ix. 58; M. iv. 46. The Seven Wonders are—the statue of Zeus at Olympia by Pheidias; the walls of Babylon; the hanging gardens also at Babylon; the Colossus of Rhodes; the pyramids; the Mausoleum or tomb of Mausolus; and finally the great temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

11. A.P. vi. 160; M. ii. 30. This is a specimen of a class of poems in which workers in various forms of industry dedicate their tools. It was a stock theme for many generations.

12. A.P. vii. 498. There is some doubt as to the authorship.

13. A.P. vi. 223; M. ii. 8. This, like the preceding, is recorded only as by "Antipater." The Scolopendra or sea-serpent seems to have been a half-fabulous monster. "The object dedicated here must be one of the tentacles of a huge cuttle-fish."—MACKAIL. See his note.

14. A.P. x. 2; M. vi. 27. Compare the similar epigram by Leonidas, No. 6.

15. A.P. xi. 23; M. xii. 9.

ARISTON (*not later than MELEAGER*)

A.P. vi. 303; M. iv. 27.

HERMOCREON (*not later than MELEAGER*)

1. A.P. ix. 327; M. ii. 16.

2. A.Plan. 11; M. vi. 7.

TYMNES (*not later than MELEAGER*)

1. A.P. vi. 199; M. xi. 13.

2. A.P. vii. 477; M. xi. 19.

3. A.P. vii. 211; M. iii. 58. It will be noticed that this very minor poet, having hit on the phrase "silent ways of night," is so pleased with it that he cannot refrain from repeating it.

ARISTODICUS (*not later than MELEAGER*)

A.P. vii. 189; M. xi. 14.

MELEAGER (*about 90 B.C.*)

(It is remarkable that one of the great names in later Greek literature should be that of a Syrian. Meleager is important in literary history, first because he breathed a new spirit into the Greek love-poem, and secondly because it is to him that we owe the conception of the Anthology, and the preservation in his "Garland" of the epigrams of the poets who preceded him.

The selection of translations from him here given opens with poems to Heliodora, and is followed by poems to Zenophile, his two chief loves. I have grouped them together in the hope that the translations will show, what is quite evident in the original, the contrast between them. While the poems to Zenophila are poems mainly of graceful fancy, those to Heliodora are full of real passion; their sincerity is plain, and nowhere more so than in the poignant lament on her death (No. 10). It is noteworthy that, so far as I know, he never speaks of her as beautiful; she is the "sweet-voiced" or gracious; her charm lay not in her person but in her voice and conversation. She was plainly the dominant influence in his life.

Unfortunately, both her beautiful name and that of Zenophile cause difficulty to the translator; their length makes them somewhat unmanageable, especially in lighter verse, which they overburden by sheer length. I have therefore ventured to substitute for them, where needful, the shorter forms "Doris" and "Zeno," which I imagine may well have been used by the poet in speaking to them. Zeno, at least, is the proper "pet name" of Zenophile, and I think the same may be true of Doris.)

1. A.P. v. 147; M. x. 1.
2. A.P. v. 143; M. i. 219.
3. A.P. v. 155; M. i. 75.
4. A.P. v. 136; M. i. 55.
5. A.P. xii. 147; M. i. 17.
6. A.P. v. 166; M. i. 68.
7. A.P. v. 163; M. i. 60.

8. A.P. v. 148.
9. A.P. v. 137; M. i. 54.
10. A.P. vii. 476; M. xi. 47.

(11-17 are all addressed to *Zenophile*)

11. A.P. v. 171; M. i. 11.
12. A.P. v. 144; M. i. 18. The last line in the original shows a change in dialect to broad Doric. It is not perhaps safe to lay much stress on the dialects of the Anthology, but I have tried to reproduce the effect by the final phrase in Scottish.
13. A.P. v. 178; M. i. 52.
14. A.P. v. 177; M. i. 12.
15. A.P. v. 152; M. i. 61.
16. A.P. v. 139; M. i. 59.
17. A.P. v. 174; M. i. 42.
18. A.P. v. 156; M. i. 56.
19. A.P. v. 190; M. i. 46.
20. A.P. xii. 113.
21. A.P. v. 96.
22. A.P. v. 198; M. i. 49. It seems evident to me that *πλόκαμον* and the other accusatives in the first four lines are not the objects of an oath, but are in apposition with *δῖστούς*.
23. A.P. v. 172; M. i. 24.
24. A.P. v. 173; M. i. 25.
25. A.P. xii. 114; M. i. 20.
26. A.P. v. 57; M. i. 51.
27. A.P. ix. 16.
28. A.P. v. 187 (the first two lines); A.P. v. 182; M. i. 32 (the remainder). I have joined the two epigrams, but with some hesitation. Dorcas is, of course, Meleager's maidservant.
29. A.P. vii. 195; M. i. 64.
30. A.P. v. 212; M. i. 10.
31. A.P. xii. 128; M. viii. 9.
32. A.P. vii. 335; M. viii. 14.
33. A.P. xii. 48; M. i. 72.
34. A.P. v. 179.

35. A.P. vii. 196 ; M. i. 65.
36. A.P. xii. 53 ; M. iii. 11.
37. A.P. xii. 72 ; M. viii. 13.
38. A.P. xii. 127 ; M. viii. 1.
39. A.P. vii. 417 ; M. iv. 17.
40. A.P. vii. 419 ; M. iv. 16.

PHILODEMUS

(Philodemus, like Meleager, came from Gadara in Syria. He was a distinguished Epicurean philosopher, a contemporary of Cicero, and well known at Rome. As Cicero in one place attacks him for profligacy, and at another places him among "*cum optimos viros, tum doctissimos homines*," it would seem that the reformation promised in No. 3 was honestly carried out.)

1. A.P. v. 124 ; M. vii. 3.
2. A.P. v. 123 ; M. i. 39.
3. A.P. v. 112 ; M. x. 47.

ZONAS

("Diodorus of Sardis, commonly called Zonas, is spoken of by Strabo, who was a friend of his kinsman Diodorus the younger, as having flourished at the time of the invasion of Asia by Mithridates, B.C. 88. He was a distinguished orator."—MACKAIL.)

1. A.P. vi. 22 ; M. ii. 31.
2. A.P. vi. 98 ; M. ii. 32.

ERYCIUS

("Erycius of Cyzicus flourished about the middle of the first century B.C. One of his epigrams (that here given) is on an Athenian woman who had been captured at the sack of Athens by Sulla, B.C. 80."—MACKAIL.)

A.P. vii. 368 ; M. iii. 16.

ADDITIONAL NOTE ON CALLIMACHUS 11

The whole interest of this epigram lies in the last words : "Ἐσπερε, πῶς ἔπεςες. They vividly recall the famous passage in Isaiah xiv. 12, which I have not hesitated to use in translating them. I have done so because I believe that the resemblance is due not to a mere coincidence, as is commonly assumed, but to an actual reminiscence.

I am not of course suggesting that Callimachus knew Hebrew : and it is highly improbable that the Septuagint translation of Isaiah was published in his lifetime ; there is no evidence that the Prophets were translated within a century or so of his death. And it is perfectly certain that it is not from the Septuagint that the quotation is taken ; for it is actually closer to the Hebrew than the official translation. The dull hack who translated the verse in Isaiah renders it πῶς ἐξέπесεν ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ ὁ ἑωσφόρος ὁ πρῶτ ἀνατέλλων, thus entirely losing the splendid rhetorical effect of the second person which is duly preserved in Callimachus.

But though the Septuagint translation was probably not even begun during Callimachus' lifetime, there is good reason to suppose that it was at least mooted. Tradition tells us that it was undertaken under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus (d. 247 B.C.) ; and though the tradition is mixed up with all sorts of fable, it is at least consistent with what is known of Philadelphus and his interest in foreign literature. Now it was under Philadelphus that Callimachus rose to the first place in Alexandrian literature ; during the last thirteen years of the reign he was at the head of the great library of Alexandria, and it may be taken as certain that no serious literary venture would be patronised by the court without his knowledge and advice.

It seems equally certain that the royal patronage can only have been given after consideration of specimen translations, in order that some idea might be formed of the literary and historical value of the Jewish books. And it is not possible to conceive any passage in the Old Testament which would be more suitable for the purpose, more likely to

impress Alexandria, than the superb paean of Isaiah over the fall of Babylon. In the days of Callimachus the world had hardly recovered from the shock of the last fall of the great city; the father of King Philadelphus had taken a distinguished part in it, and on the ruins of Babylon Alexandria itself had in a sense risen. The whole passage reads like a prophecy of the triumph of Alexander and the house of Ptolemy. The fervour of the rhetoric is impressive in any language—even the emasculated Septuagint does not wholly destroy it; and the severer taste of pure Hellenism was already on the point of generating the new “Asiatic” school of rhetoric, and ready to assimilate a more florid style.

And this particular line may well have made a strong impression. To begin with, in a literal translation it falls of itself into a passable hexameter :

Ἐωσφόρε, πῶς ἔπεσες ἐξ οὐρανοῦ, Ἡοῦς υἱέ;

just as, by a curious coincidence, it does in English, “How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning!” Moreover Greek legend knew of Memnon, “Son of the Morning”; what a treasure there might be for the vigorous Alexandrian school of mythology in comparison with Hebrew myth!

On every ground therefore this passage would commend itself for a specimen translation to be submitted to the distinguished critics of Alexandria, and reported on by them to the liberal monarch whose assistance was sought. And I feel convinced that such translation had in fact been handed round the literary circle of which Callimachus was the chief, and had provoked such lively interest and discussion that an allusion to it would give point to an epigram which otherwise has no claim to distinction, and is in fact dangerously near to the “banality” which Callimachus expressly repudiates. This seems to me at least as easy an assumption as that of a coincidence so close as to be little short of a miracle.

It must be noted that Callimachus substitutes Ἐσπερε

for the 'Εωσφόρε which must have been in the text of the translation. Whether this is a mere slip of memory, or an instance of Callimachus' striving for originality even in quotation, I do not pretend to say. It is not impossible that Callimachus may actually have written 'Εωσφόρε—the word is a trisyllable in Homer, and the change to the more obvious "Εσπερε is hardly beyond the limits of textual corruption.

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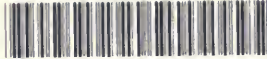
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